Edw. No this way huntſman,
See where the Keepers ſtand. Now brother and the reſt,
What, are you prouided to depart?
Glo. I, I, the horſe ſtands at the Parke corner;
Come, to Lin, and ſo take ſhipping into Flanders:
Ed. Come then. *Haſtings* and *Stanley*,
I will requite your loues. Byſhop farewell,
Sheeld thee from *Warwickes* frowne,
And pray that I may repoſſeſſe the Crowne.
Now huntſman, what will you do?
Huntſ. Marry my Lord, I thinke I had as good
Go with you, as tarry heere to be hangd.
Edw. Come then lets away with ſpeed. *Exeunt omnes*

Enter the Qneene, and the Lord Riuers.

Riuers. Tell me good Madame,
Why is your Grace ſo paſſionate of late?
Qu. Why brother *Riuers*, heare ye not the newes
Of that ſucceſſe King *Edward* had of late?
Riuers. What? loſſe of ſome pitcht battaile againſt *Warwick*:
Tuſh, feare not faire Queene, but caſt thoſe cares aſide.
King Edwards noble minde, his honours doth diſplay;
And *Warwicke* may loſe, though then he got the day.
Qu. If that were all, my greefes were at an end,
But greater troubles will I feare befall.
Ri. What, is he taken priſoner by the foe,
To the danger of his royall perſon then?
Queen. I ther's my greefe, King Edward is ſurpriz'd,
And led away as priſoner vnto Yorke.
Riu. The newes is paſſing ſtrange I muſt confeſſe;
Yet comfort your ſelfe, for Edward hath more friends,
Then Lancaſter at this time muſt perceyue,
That ſome will ſet him in his Throne againe.
Qu. God grant they may; but gentle brother come,
And let me leane vpon thine arme awhile,
Vntill I come vnto the Sanctuary,
There to preſerue the fruite within my wombe,

King

King *Edwards* ſeed, true he

Enter Edward and troop

Edw. Thus far from *Belg*
And marcht from *Raunſpu*
But ſoft the gates are ſhut,
Rich. Sound vp the drun

Enter the Lord M

Maior. My Lords we ha
And that's the cauſe we ſta
And ſhut the gates for to p
Henry now is king, and we
Edw. Why my Lord Mai
Edward I am ſure at leaſt, is
Maior. Truth my Lord,
Edw. I craue nothing bu
Rich. But when the Foxe
Hee'l quickly make the boo
Haſt. Why my Lord Ma
Open the gates, we are king
Maior. Say you ſo, then

Rich. By my faith, a wiſe

The Maior opens the do

Edw. So my Lord Maior, t
But in the time of warre, gi
What, feare not man, for *Ed*
The towne and you, deſpig

Enter Sir Iohn Mount

How now *Richard*, who is t
Rich. Brother, this is Sir
A truſtie friend, vnleſſe I be
Edw. Welcome Sir *Iohn*.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BRITISH LIBRARY